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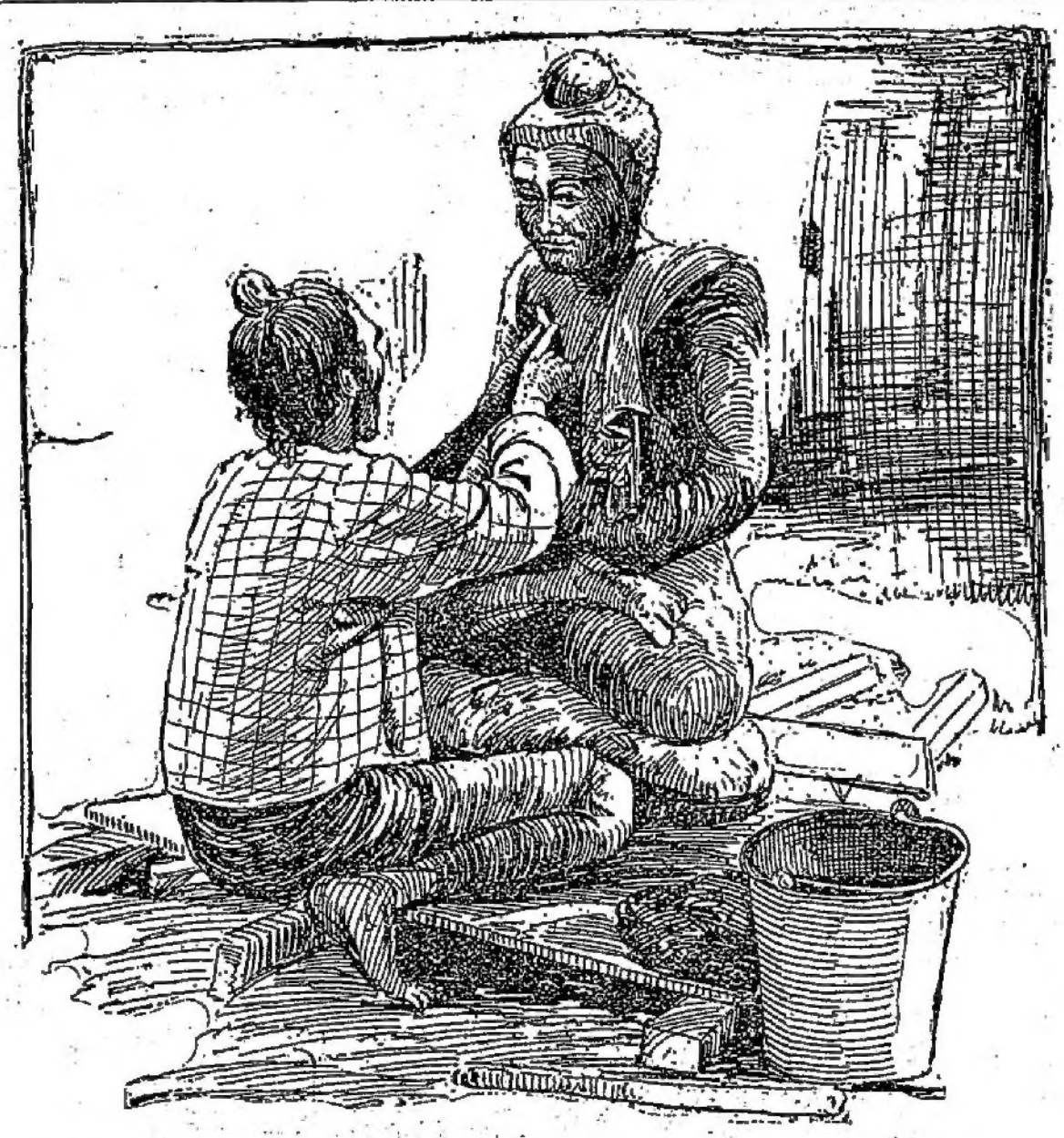
Mrs W M Pozer 8 cop



THIS IS A HEATHEN MAN'S IDOL—WHAT DOES YOUR IDOL LOOK LIKE?

'Who hath formed a god, or molten a graven image that is profitable for nothing. * * * He maketh a god and worshippeth it; he maketh it a graven image, and falleth down thereto * * * and worshippeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me; for thou art my god. He feedeth on ashes; a deceived heart hath turned him aside that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say, is there not a lie in my right hand? Remember these, O Jacob and Israel; for thou art my servant. * * * I have blotted out as a thick cloud, thy transgression, and as a cloud, thy sins: return unto me: for I have redeemed thee.'—Isaiah lxiv., selections from verses 10, 15, 17, 20, 21, and 22. Little children, keep yourselves—from idols.—I John, v., 21.—'Union Gospel News.'

The Turning Point.

A thick carpet had lately been put down in the dining-room at the squire's residence, which was found to prevent the door from opening and shutting easily, so Wedge, the village carpenter was sent for to ease it.

At six o'clock, while he was at work, carriage wheels were distinctly heard, and the squire's lady with her children came down into the hall ready to welcome home Mr. Cary, who had been that day to town.

Wedge, who was working inside the dining-room, listened with astonishment to the shout the children gave when their father stepped out of the carriage. He saw, also, that the two eldest had caught hold of his hands, while the younger ones were clinging like barnacles to his coat-tails; all dragging him along as if, once having got him into their net, they meant, spider-like, to bind him hand and foot and devour him, as that interesting insect would a great blue-bottle, at their leisure.

That the squire's return should cause such delight was a puzzler for our worthy friend; for had he not with his own eyes seen this gentleman go off at half-past nine in the morning, no one could have persuaded him otherwise than that he must have been away a month, to put it at the lowest figure.

He saw, moreover that the squire was holding tightly in his hand a little parcel, which, shaking off the children by a number of little dodges of which loving fathers only know the secret, he quickly untied, for all the world as if he were a boy of five years old (and not a great man of fourteen stone weight), who could not wait a moment for anything.

In a shorter time than we take to write it he had pulled out the contents, and gave them to his wife with three distinct kisses.

Wedge could swear there were three, for he counted them, and wondered how many more there was to come.

This was evidently a very beautiful present, for the children, as well as Mrs. Cary, expressed their admiration in the liveliest manner, and all seemed, if that were possible, more pleased and happy than before.

Soon the merry party went upstairs, the echo of their voices died away, and Wedge was left to finish his work on the door, while his heart and conscience began their work on him.

He, too, had a home and wife and children; he, too, had been away all day; but the thought struck him uncomfortably that his welcome home, if indeed he got one at all, would seem poor and cold after that he had just witnessed.

This reflection was not so sweet as to make his work go smoothly; his saw seemed as blunt as a double-plated sixpenny knife, and the wood of the chair, whose legs he was cutting down, as hard as bog oak.

In fact, he was feeling jealous of the squire, and discontented with his own wife and children. Why were they not eager to rush out and welcome him, after the fashion of the squire's family? He frowned as he thought how badly he was used, and his saw grated away as though very dull.

But conscience had a word to say to him, and said it loud enough,too, for him to hear, although he was making noise enough to prevent anyone from trying to gain attention.

It told him the fault was chiefly in himself, for, if his wife and children were not like the squire's, neither was his likeness to that worthy gentleman particularly striking.

He couldn't blame his wife for not making enough of his presents, for he well knew he never gave her any; nor did he greet her with those kind words which would not have failed to draw the same from her.

Wedge was a good husband, without being a kind one, spending his money for the most part on his family in a hard, business-like kind of way, but showing no affection toward his children, who consequently did not love him.

As Wedge walked home, his tools on his back, he came across an old friend, carrying carefully a dainty bunch of snowdrops in his big, rough hand.

'Here, Will,' he said, walking along by the carpenter's side, 'I've just given a trifle for these flowers—pretty bits of things, ain't they?—for my wife makes so much of any little present I take her home; she never minds what I bring her, so long as I give it to her myself, for to be sure I always tack on a little something in the way of a few kind words, which makes the thing seem valuable in her eyes. I don't know how I should get on sometimes, if it weren't for having flowers pretty handy; you can get them for little or nothing at any time, and yet they are more beautiful than anything we can make. Perhaps that is what God gave flowers for—in part, at least—that the poor man may have within his reach the means of showing kindness and giving presents, which, without them, he might seldom or never be able to give at all.'

Wedge's road now lay in a different direction from his friend's, so they parted company, Joe Sparks putting a couple of snowdrops into Will's hand, supposing he

would know well enough what to do with them.

Wedge turned the snowdrops over in his hand, and looked after Joe, who had nearly turned the corner. What could the man mean by giving him the snowdrops and never saying a word? He couldn't have known what had just happened at the hall; yet it seemed strange that he should come up and say all this about presents just when Wedge was thinking about that very subject and enjoying the excuse, too, 'that he couldn't afford to buy his wife anything.' But now having the snowdrops, and having heard so much about them, it seemed as if nothing else would do but he must give them to his wife, and this proceeding would be such a new and extraordinary one that the very thought made him feel sheepish.

Wedge's wife was a nice woman, but family cares were weighing her down, so that the light was fast dying out of her eyes and the color fading from her cheeks. She would not have minded them half, nor even quarter so much, if when Wedge came home she could tell them all about them—for, ten to one, he could have set things right. But he had always pooh-poohed when she ventured to begin the subject, so that she had left off looking for help where there was none to be got. It seemed to Wedge that if he paid down hard cash for clothing, feeding and schooling the family, he had done his share towards their bringing up. Such being the state of things, you may well imagine how surprised was Mrs. Wedge when she heard a cheerful voice cry out:

'Where are you, Mary?'

But greater still was her astonishment when her husband presented her with the snowdrops, declaring, as he put them in her hands, that, 'beautiful as they were, he thought the rosebud on her arm beat them out and out.'

Wedge had done many a handy bit of work with those tools on his back; but he did a neater job now with those snowdrops than ever he had done with all of them put together, for he, so to speak, sawed Mary's heart right in two, and got to the very inside, and planed down no end of knots and rough places, and French-polished her off as if she were some choice piece of cabinet work to be sold for nobody knows what.

That day was the beginning of brighter times; Mary's heart having been, as we before said, sawed right open, never closed up again, by reason of her husband's continually putting in one little thing and another on purpose to keep it open; and warm streams of affection came gushing out that nobody knew were ever there at all, they were hidden down so deep.

And as to Wedge, he never knew before how many pretty little speeches he could make. Without any notice beforehand whatever, they seemed to come from somewhere inside, all ready made, packed up and directed, ready to be delivered 'with care, this side up,' to his wife, while the contents of these said parcels or sentences generally brought a smile to Mrs. Wedge's face, and made her as lively as a cricket for some time to come.

And if this new state of things brought happier days to Mary, Will was no less benefited by them. Not only did his wife return his love with interest, but it prompted her to do many loving deeds, the fruits of affection, which can make the humblest home a little paradise.—'Daily News.'

Make room, make room for Jesus,
O give Him welcome free;
Lest thou should'st hear at Heaven's gate—
'There is no room for thee.'

Beginning of a Revival.

In a recent number of 'Sword and Trowel' is a sermon entitled 'Revival Work,' preached by Mr. Spurgeon, in 1858, shortly after the great revival in America had begun. From it we give the following extract: 'The great revival in New England about the year 1740 was first produced under a sermon preached by President Edwards. There was an ordination, I think, and he attended it; but the expected minister did not arrive, and President Edwards was asked to preach. He had one sermon in his pocket, for he wrote his sermons and read them; and he was by no means a mighty speaker, in the common acceptation of the term, so he took out his manuscript, held it up close to his eyes, and stood still, almost without motion, except now and then the lifting of his hand; thus he read his sermon through from beginning to end. The Lord seemed to move among that assembly of people. A mysterious influence entered into all hearts. Men returned to their homes, and they told of the great things they had heard and experienced within. Ministers went home, and they began to preach differently from what they had done before; church members went home, and they began to pray more earnestly; and, on a sudden, from the spark that seemed to be kindled by the fact of President Edwards being called upon to preach, there came, as it were, one mighty sheet of fire, which spread throughout the land as the consuming element sweeps over the prairie.'—'Christian Herald.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN EXODUS.

Jan. 21., Sun.—The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.

Jan. 22., Mon.—I am the Lord that healeth thee.

Jan. 23., Tues.—Blessed be the Lord who hath delievered you.

Jan. 24., Wed.—Men of truth, hating covetousness.

Jan. 25., Thurs.—Moses spake, and God answered him.

Jan. 26., Fri.—Thou shalt have no other Gods.

Jan. 27., Sat.—Showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me.

Our Book Corner.

THE SECRET OF POWER.

If I were dying and had the privilege of delivering a last exhortation to all the Christians of the world, and that message had to be condensed into three words, I would say, 'Wait on God.' Everywhere I go I find backsliders—Methodist backsliders, Baptist backsliders, Salvationist backsliders—all kinds of backsliders by the thousand, until my heart aches as I think of the great army of discouraged souls, of the way in which the Holy Spirit has been grieved, and of the way in which Jesus has been treated.

If these backsliders were asked the cause of their present condition ten thousand different reasons would be given, but, after all, there is but one, and that is this: They did not wait on God. If they had waited on him when the fierce assault was made that overthrew their faith, robbed them of their courage, and bankrupted their love; they would have renewed their strength and mounted over all obstacles as though on eagles' wings. They would have run through their enemies and not been weary. They would have walked in the midst of trouble and not fainted.

Waiting on God means more than a prayer of thirty seconds on getting up in the morning and going to bed at night. It may mean one prayer that gets hold of God and comes away with the blessing, or it may mean a dozen prayers that knock and persist and will not be put off, until God arises and makes bare his arm in behalf of the pleading soul.

There is a drawing nigh to God, a knocking at heaven's doors, a pleading of the promises, a reasoning with Jesus, a forgetfulness of self, a turning from all earthly concerns, a holding on with determination to never let go, that puts all the wealth of heaven's wisdom and power and love at the disposal of a little man, so that he shouts and triumphs when all others tremble and fail and fly, and becomes more than conqueror in the very face of death and hell.

It is in the heat of just such seasons of waiting on God that every great soul gets the wisdom and strength that makes it a wonder and astonishment to other men. They, too, might be 'great in the sight of the Lord', if they would wait on God and be true, instead of getting excited and running to this man and that, for help when the testing time comes.

The Psalmist had been in great trouble, and this is what he says of his deliverance: 'I waited patiently for the Lord and he inclined unto me and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And he hath put a new song into my mouth, even praise unto our God: and many shall see it and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.' The other day I went to a poor little corps where almost everything had been going wrong. Many were cold and discouraged, but I found one sister with a wondrous glory in her face, and glad, sweet praises in her mouth. She told me how she had looked at others falling around her, and had seen the carelessness of many, and noted the decline of vital piety in the corps until her heart ached, and she felt disheartened and her feet almost slipped. But she went to God, and got down low before Him, and prayed and waited, until He drew near her and showed her the awful precipice on which she herself was standing, showed her that her one business was to follow Jesus, to walk before Him with a perfect heart, and to cleave to Him, though the whole corps backslid. Then she confessed all that God showed her, confessed how near she had come to joining the great army of backsliders herself through looking on others, humbled herself before Him and renewed her covenant, until an unutterable joy came to her heart, and God put His fear into her soul, and filled her with the glory of His presence.

She told me further that the next day she fairly trembled to think of the awful danger she had been in, and declared that time of waiting on God in the silence of the night saved her, and now her heart was filled with the full assurance of hope for herself, and not only for herself, but also for the corps. Oh, for ten thousand such soldiers!

The secret of all failures and of all true success is hidden in the attitude of the soul in its private walk with God. The man who courageously waits on God is bound to succeed. He cannot fail. To other men he may appear for the present to fail, but in the end they will see what he knew all the time, that God was with him, making him, in spite of all appearances, 'a prosperous man.'

*From 'Helps to Holiness,' by Brigadier Brengle, published by the Salvation Army, 120-124 West Fourteenth street, New York city. (Price 15 cents.)

Kind Words.

'I am much pleased with the 'Messenger.' Its weekly visits are eagerly looked for. I wish you all prosperity and a Happy New Year.' So writes Mr. Arthur Likely, of Seeley's Bay, when remitting for the club of 'Northern Messenger.'

Howard Deller, of Norwich, Ont., writes when renewing for club of 'Messenger'; 'We have taken your paper in our Sabbath-school a number of years, and like it better than any other we have ever tried.'

The Rev. R. Beatty, St. John, N.B., says: 'We have taken one hundred copies of the 'Messenger' for two years, and find it very satisfactory, and think you are to be congratulated in furnishing such a clean Canadian paper.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Black Rock.

(A tale of the Selkirks, by Ralph Connor.)

CHAPTER III.

WATERLOO. OUR FIGHT—HIS VICTORY

The sports were over, and there remained still an hour to be filled in before dinner. It was an hour full of danger to Craig's hopes of victory, for the men were wild with excitement, and ready for the most reckless means of 'slinging their dust.' I could not but admire the skill with which Mr. Craig caught their attention.

'Gentlemen,' he called out, 'we've forgotten the judge of the great race. Three cheers for Mr. Connor!'

Two of the shantymen picked me up and hoisted me on their shoulders while the cheers were given.

'Announce the Punch and Judy,' he entreated me, in a low voice. I did so in a little speech, and was forthwith borne aloft, through the street to the booth, followed by the whole crowd, cheering like mad.

The excitement of the crowd caught me, and for an hour I squeaked and worked the wires of the immortal and unhappy family in a manner hitherto unapproached by me at least. I was glad enough when Graeme came to tell me to send the men in to dinner. This Mr. Punch did in the most gracious manner, and again with cheers for Punch's master they trooped tumultuously into the tent.

We had only well begun when Baptiste came in quietly but hurriedly and whispered to me—

'M'sieu Craig, he's gone to Slavin's, and would lak you and M'sieu Graeme would follow queek.' Sandy he's take one leel drink at de stable, and he's go mad lak one diable.'

I sent him for Graeme, who was presiding at dinner, and set off for Slavin's at a run. There I found Mr. Craig and Nelson holding Sandy, more than half drunk, back from Slavin, who, stripped to the shirt, was coolly waiting with a taunting smile.

'Let me go, Mr. Craig,' Sandy was saying, 'I am a good Presbyterian. He is a Papist thief; and he has my money; and I will have it out of the soul of him.'

'Let him go, preacher,' sneered Slavin, 'I'll cool him off for yez. But ye'd better hold him if yez wants his mug left on to him.'

'Let him go!' Keefe was shouting.

'Hands off!' Blaney was echoing.

I pushed my way in. 'What's up?' I cried.

'Mr. Connor,' said Sandy solemnly. 'It is a gentleman you are, though your name is against you, and I am a good Presbyterian, and I can give you the Commandments and Reasons annexed to them; but yon's a thief, a Papist thief, and I am justified in getting my money out of his soul.'

'But,' I remonstrated, 'you won't get it in this way.'

'He has my money,' reiterated Sandy.

'He is a blank liar, and he's afraid to take it up,' said Slavin, in a low, cool tone.

With a roar Sandy broke away and rushed at him; but, without moving from his tracks, Slavin met him with a straight left-hander and laid him flat.

'Hooray,' yelled Blaney, 'Ireland for ever!' and seizing the iron poker, swung it around his head, crying, 'Back, or, by the holy Moses, I'll kill the first man that interferes wid the game.'

'Give it to him!' Keefe said savagely.

Sandy rose slowly, gazing round stupidly.

'He don't know what hit him,' laughed Keefe.

This roused the Highlander, and saying, 'I'll settle you afterwards, Mister Keefe,' he rushed in again at Slavin. Again Slavin met him again with his left, staggered him, and, before he fell, took a step forward and delivered a terrific righthand blow on his jaw. Poor Sandy went down in a heap amid the yells of Blaney, Keefe, and some others of the gang. I was in despair when in came Baptiste and Graeme.

One look at Sandy, and Baptiste tore off his coat and cap, slammed them on the floor, danced on them, and with a long-drawn 'sap-r-r-r-,' rushed at Slavin. But Graeme caught him by the back of the neck, saying, 'Hold on, little man,' and turning to Slavin, pointed to Sandy, who was reviving under Nelson's care, and said, 'What's this for?'

'Ask him,' said Slavin insolently. 'He knows.'

'What is it, Nelson?'

Nelson explained that Sandy, after drinking some at the stable and a glass at the Black Rock Hotel, had come down here with Keefe and the others, had lost his money—and was accusing Slavin of robbing him.

'Did you furnish him with liquor?' said Graeme sternly.

'It is none of your business,' replied Slavin, with an oath.

'I shall make it my business. It is not the first time my men have lost money in this saloon.'

'You lie,' said Slavin, with deliberate emphasis.

'Slavin,' said Graeme quietly, 'it's a pity you said that, because, unless you apologise in one minute, I shall make you sorry.'

'Apologise?' roared Slavin, 'apologise to you?' calling him a vile name.

Graeme grew white, and said even more slowly, 'Now you'll have to take it; no apology will do.'

He slowly stripped off coat and vest. Mr. Craig interposed, begging Graeme to let the matter pass. 'Surely he is not worth it.'

'Mr. Craig,' said Graeme, with an easy smile, 'you don't understand. No man can call me that name and walk around afterwards feeling well.'

Then, turning to Slavin, he said, 'Now, if you want a minute's rest, I can wait.'

Slavin, with a curse, bade him come.

'Blaney,' said Graeme sharply, 'you get back.' Blaney promptly stepped back to Keefe's side. 'Nelson, you and Baptiste can see that they stay there.' The old man nodded and looked at Craig, who simply said, 'Do the best you can.'

It was a good fight. Slavin had plenty of pluck, and for a time forced the fighting, Graeme guarding easily and tapping him aggravatingly about the nose and eyes, drawing blood, but not disabling him. Gradually there came a look of fear into Slavin's eyes, and the beads stood upon his face. He had met his master.

'Now, Slavin, you're beginning to be sorry; and now I am going to show you what you are made of.' Graeme made one or two lightning passes, struck Slavin one, two, three terrific blows, and laid him quite flat and senseless. Keefe and Blaney both sprang forward, but there was a savage kind of growl.

'Hold, there!' It was old man Nelson looking along a pistol barrel. 'You know me, Keefe,' he said. 'You won't do any murder this time.'

Keefe turned green and yellow, and staggered back, while Slavin slowly rose to his feet.

'Will you take some more?' said Graeme. 'You haven't got much; but mind I have stopped playing with you. Put up your gun, Nelson. No one will interfere now.'

Slavin hesitated, then rushed, but Graeme stepped to meet him, and we saw Slavin's heels in the air as he fell back upon his neck and shoulders and lay still, with his toes quivering.

'Bon!' yelled Baptiste. 'Bully boy! Dat's de bon stuff. Dat's larn him one good lesson.' But immediately he shrieked, 'Gar-r-r-r-e a vous!'

He was too late, for there was a crash of breaking glass, and Graeme fell to the floor with a long deep cut on the side of his head. Keefe had hurled a bottle with all too sure an aim, and had fled. I thought he was dead; but we carried him out, and in a few minutes he groaned, opened his eyes, and sank again into insensibility.

'Where can we take him?' I cried.

'To my shack,' said Mr. Craig.

'Is there no place nearer?'

'Yes; Mrs. Mavor's. I shall run on to tell her.'

She met us at the door. I had in mind to say some words of apology, but when I looked upon her face I forgot my words, forgot my business at her door, and stood simply looking.

'Come in! Bring him in! Please do not wait,' she said, and her voice was sweet and soft and firm.

We laid him in a large room at the back of the shop over which Mrs. Mavor lived. Together we dressed the wound, her firm white fingers, skilful as if with long training. Before the dressing was finished I sent Craig off, for the time had come for the Magic Lantern in the church, and I knew how critical the moment was in our fight. 'Go,' I said; 'he is coming to, and we do not need you.'

In a few moments more Graeme revived, and, gazing about, asked, 'What's all this about?' and then, recollecting, 'Ah! that brute Keefe'; then seeing my anxious face he said carelessly, 'Awful bore, ain't it? Sorry to trouble you, old fellow.'

'You be hanged!' I said shortly; for his old sweet smile was playing about his lips, and was almost too much for me. 'Mrs. Mavor and I are in command, and you must keep perfectly still.'

'Mrs. Mavor?' he said, in surprise. She came forward, with a slight flush on her face.

'I think you know me, Mr. Graeme.'

'I have often seen you, and wished to know you. I am sorry to bring you this trouble.'

'You must not say so,' she replied, 'but let me do all for you that I can. And now the doctor says you are to lie still.'

'The doctor? Oh! you mean Connor. He is hardly there yet. You don't know each other. Permit me to present Mr. Connor, Mrs. Mavor.'

As she bowed slightly her eyes looked into mine with serious gaze, not inquiring, yet searching my soul. As I looked into her eyes I forgot everything about me, and when I recalled myself it seemed as if I had been away in some far place. It was not their color or their brightness; I do not yet know their color, and I have often looked into them; and they were not bright; but they were clear, and one could look far down into them, and in their depths see a glowing, steady light. As I went to get some drugs from the Black Rock doctor, '

found myself wondering about that far-down light; and about her voice, how it could get that sound from far away.

I found the doctor quite drunk, as indeed Mr. Craig had warned; but his drugs were good, and I got what I wanted and quickly returned.

While Graeme slept Mrs. Mavor made me tea. As the evening wore on I told her the events of the day, dwelling admiringly upon Craig's generalship. She smiled at this.

'He got me too,' she said. 'Nixon was sent to me just before the sports; and I don't think he will break down to-day, and I am so thankful.' And her eyes glowed.

'I am quite sure he won't,' I thought to myself, but I said no word.

After a long pause, she went on, 'I have promised Mr. Craig to sing to-night, if I am needed!' and then, after a moment's hesitation, 'It is two years since I have been able to sing—two years,' she repeated, 'since'—and then her brave voice trembled —'my husband was killed.'

'I quite understand,' I said, having no other word on my tongue.

'And,' she went on quietly, 'I fear I have been selfish. It is hard to sing the same songs. We were very happy. But the miners like to hear me sing, and I think perhaps it helps them to feel less lonely, and keeps them from evil. I shall try to-night, if I am needed. Mr. Craig will not ask me unless he must.'

I would have seen every miner and lumberman in the place hideously drunk before I would have asked her to sing one song while her heart ached. I wondered at Craig, and said, rather angrily—

'He thinks only of those wretched miners and shantymen of his.'

She looked at me with wonder in her eyes, and said gently, 'And are they not Christ's too?'

And I found no word to reply.

It was nearing ten o'clock, and I was wondering how the fight was going, and hoping that Mrs. Mavor would not be needed, when the door opened, and old man Nelson and Sandy, the latter much battered and ashamed, came in with the word for Mrs. Mavor.

'I will come,' she said simply. She saw me preparing to accompany her, and asked, 'Do you think you can leave him?'

'He will do quite well in Nelson's care.'

'Then I am glad; for I must take my little one with me. I did not put her to bed in case I should need to go, and I may not leave her.'

We entered the church by the back door, and saw at once that even yet the battle might easily be lost.

Some miners had just come from Slavin's, evidently bent on breaking up the meeting, in revenge for the collapse of the dance, which Slavin was unable to enjoy, much less direct. Craig was gallantly holding his ground, finding it hard work to keep his men in good humor, and so prevent a fight, for there were cries of 'Put him out! Put the beast out!' at a miner half drunk and wholly outrageous.

The look of relief that came over his face when Craig caught sight of us told how anxious he had been and reconciled me to Mrs. Mavor's singing. 'Thank the good God,' he said, with what came near being a sob, 'I was about to despair.'

He immediately walked to the front and called out—

'Gentlemen, if you wish it, Mrs. Mavor will sing.'

There was a dead silence. Some one began to applaud, but a miner said savagely, 'Stop that, you fool!'

There was a few moments' delay, when from the crowd a voice called out, 'Does Mrs. Mavor wish to sing?' followed by cries of 'Ay, that's it.' Then Shaw, the foreman at the mines, stood up in the audience and said—

'Mr. Craig and gentlemen, you know that three years ago I was known as 'Old Ricketts,' and that I owe all I am to-night, under God, to Mrs. Mavor, and'—with a little quiver in his voice—'her baby. And we all know that for two years she has not sung; and we all know why. And what I say is, that if she does not feel like singing to-night, she is not going to sing to keep any drunken brute of Slavin's crowd quiet.'

There were deep growls of approval all over the church. I could have hugged Shaw then and there. Mr. Craig went to Mrs. Mavor, and after a word with her came back and said—

'Mrs. Mavor wishes me to thank her dear friend Mr. Shaw, but says she would like to sing.'

The response was perfect stillness. Mr. Craig sat down to the organ and played the opening bars of the touching melody, 'Oft in the Stilly Night.' Mrs. Mavor came to the front, and, wih a smile of exquisite sweetness upon her sad face, and looking straight at us with her glorious eyes, began to sing.

Her voice, a rich soprano, even and true, rose and fell, now soft, now strong, but always filling the building, pouring around us floods of music. I had heard Patti's 'Home, sweet Home,' and of all singing that alone affected me as did this.

At the end of the first verse the few women in the church and some men were weeping quietly; but when she began the words—

'When I remember all
The friends once linked together,'

sobs came on every side from these tender-hearted fellows, and Shaw quite lost his grip. But she sang steadily on, the tone clearer and sweeter and fuller at every note, and when the sound of her voice died away, she stood looking at the men as if in wonder that they should weep. No one moved. Mr. Craig played softly on, and, wandering through many variations, arrived at last at

'Jesus, lover of my soul.'

As she sang the appealing words, her face was lifted up, and she saw none of us; but she must have seen some one, for the cry in her voice could only come from one who could see and feel help close at hand. On and on went the glorious voice, searching my soul's depths; but when she came to the words—

'Thou, O Christ, art all I want,'

she stretched up her arms—she had quite forgotten us, her voice had borne her to other worlds—and sang with such a passion of abandon that my soul was ready to surrender anything, everything.

Again Mr. Craig wandered on through his changing chords till again he came to familiar ground, and the voice began, in low, thrilling tones, Bernard's great song of home—

'Jerusalem the golden.'

Every word, with all its weight of meaning, came winging to our souls, till we found ourselves gazing afar into those stately halls of Zion, with their daylight serene and their jubilant throngs. When the singer came to the last verse there was a pause. Again Mr. Craig softly played the interlude, but still there was no voice. I looked up. She was very white, and her eyes were glowing with their deep light. Mr. Craig looked quickly about, saw her, stopped, and half rose, as if to go to her, when, in a voice that seemed to come from a far-off land, she went on—

'O sweet and blessed country!'

The longing, the yearning, in the second 'O' were indescribable. Again and again, as she held that word, and then dropped down with the cadence in the music, my heart ached for I knew not what.

The audience were sitting as in a trance. The grimy faces of the miners, for they never get quite white, were furrowed with the tear-courses. Shaw, by this time, had his face too lifted high, his eyes gazing far above the singer's head, and I knew by the rapture in his face that he was seeing, as she saw, the thronging stately halls and the white-robed conquerors. He had felt, and was still feeling, all the stress of the fight, and to him the vision of the conquerors in their glory was soul-drawing and soul-stirring. And Nixon, too—he had his vision; but what he saw was the face of the singer, with the shining eyes, and, by the look of him, that was vision enough.

Immediately after her last note Mrs. Mavor stretched out her hands to her little girl, who was sitting on my knee, caught her up, and, holding her close to her breast, walked quickly behind the curtain. Not a sound followed the singing: no one moved till she had disappeared; and then Mr. Craig came to the front, and, motioning to me to follow Mrs. Mavor, began in a low, distinct voice—

'Gentlemen, it was not easy for Mrs. Mavor to sing for us, and you know she sang because she is a miner's wife, and her heart is with the miners. But she sang, too, because her heart is His who came to earth this day so many years ago to save us all; and she would make you love Him too. For in loving Him you are saved from all base loves, and you know what I mean.

'And before we say good-night, men, I want to know if the time is not come when all of you who mean to be better than you are should join in putting from us this thing that has brought sorrow and shame to us and to those we love? You know what I mean. Some of you are strong; will you stand by and see weaker men robbed of the money they save for those far away, and robbed of the manhood that no money can buy or restore?

'Will the strong man help? Shall we all join hands in this? What do you say? In this town we have often seen hell, and just a moment ago we were all looking into heaven, "the sweet and blessed country." O men!' and his voice rang in an agony through the building—'O men! which shall be ours? For Heaven's dear sake, let us help one another! Who will?'

I was looking out through a slit in the curtain. The men, already wrought to intense feeling by the music, were listening with set faces and gleaming eyes and as at the appeal 'Who will?' Craig raised high his hand, Shaw, Nixon, and a hundred men sprang to their feet and held high their hands.

I have witnessed some thrilling scenes in my life, but never anything to equal that: the one man on the platform standing at full height, with his hands thrown up to heaven, and the hundred men below standing straight, with arms up at full length, silent, and almost motionless.

For a moment Craig held them so; and again his voice rang out, louder, sterner than before—

'All who mean it, say, "By God's help, I will."'

And back from a hundred throats came deep and strong the words, 'By God's help, I will.'

At this point Mrs. Mavor, whom I had quite forgotten, put her hand on my arm. 'Go and tell them,' she panted. 'I want them to come on Thursday night, as they used to in the other days—go—quick,' and she almost pushed me out. I gave Craig her message. He held up his hand for silence.

'Mrs. Mavor wishes me to say that she will be glad to see you all, as in the old days, on Thursday evening; and I can think of no better place to give formal expression to our pledge of this night.'

There was a shout of acceptance; and then, at some one's call, the long pent-up feelings of the crowd found vent in three mighty cheers for Mrs. Mavor.

'Now for our old hymn,' called out Mr. Craig, 'and Mrs. Mavor will lead us.'

He sat down at the organ, played a few bars of 'The Sweet By and By,' and then Mrs. Mavor began. But not a soul joined till the refrain was reached, and then they sang as only men with their hearts on fire can sing. But after the last refrain Mr. Craig made a sign to Mrs. Mavor, and she sang alone, slowly and softly and with eyes looking far away—

'In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.'

There was no benediction—there seemed no need; and the men went quietly out. But over and over again the voice kept singing in my ears and in my heart, 'We shall meet on that beautiful shore.' And after the sleigh-loads of men had gone and left the street empty, as I stood with Craig in the radiant moonlight that made the great mountains about come near us, from Sandy's sleigh we heard in the distance Baptiste's French-English song; but the song that floated down with the sound of the bells from the miner's sleigh was—

'We shall meet on that beautiful shore.'

'Poor old Shaw!' said Craig softly.

When the last sound had died away I turned to him and said—

'You have won your fight.'

'We have won our fight; I was beaten,' he replied quickly, offering me his hand. Then taking off his cap, and looking up beyond the mountain-tops and the silent stars, he added softly, 'Our fight, but His victory.'

And, thinking it all over, I could not say but perhaps he was right.

(To be continued.)

The Love I Owe.

Saviour! teach me day by day
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

Teach me, I am not my own,
I am Thine, and Thine alone;
Thine, to keep, to rule, to save,
From all sin that would enslave.

With a child's glad heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

Though Thy will should cross my own,
May it instantly be done;
Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe.

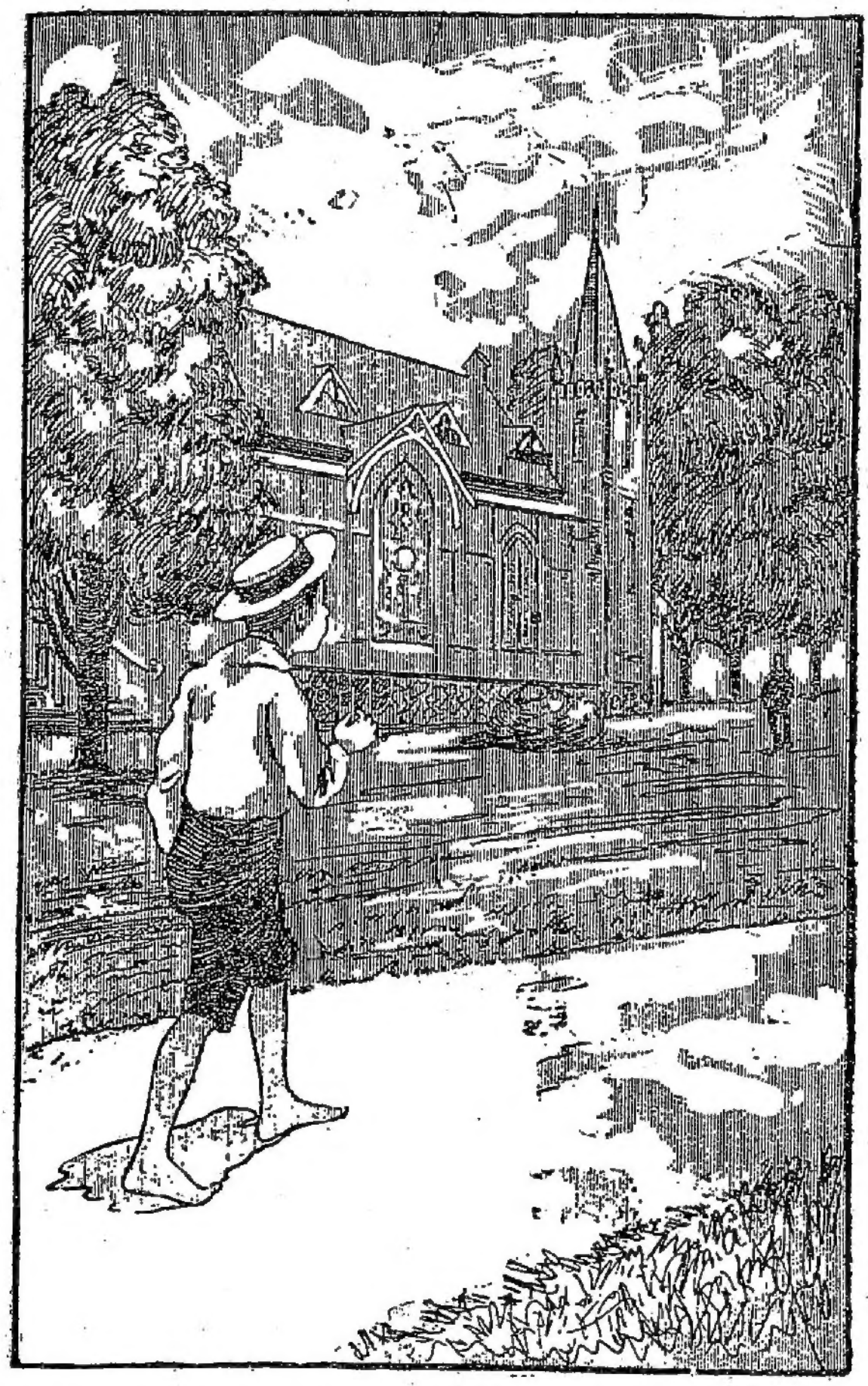
—Hymn.

A Complete Cure.

(By the Rev. J. Mervin Hull, in 'Forward.')

When I was a small boy I had a most unfortunate habit of throwing stones. Most boys have this habit to a certain extent, but in my case it was something alarming. As Grandma Attles said to Mother: 'It dooz seem as ef the child was a perzessed.'

Even when I was in kilts it was a martyrdom for my older sister Lucy to take me for a walk. I can remember just how I felt. Every small stone by the wayside had a fascination for me. If it was oblong in shape, with rounded corners, I was so eager to get it that I would break away from Lucy and seize the stone and send it whizzing through the air, not always being careful enough in the choice of a target.



'AS I STOOD FIXED TO THE SPOT, DEACON STERNE CAME OUT TO THE ROAD.'

Just here my trouble arose. I never could be satisfied with throwing stones into vacancy. I wanted to throw them at something; and being in constant practice, I became altogether too good a marksman. Almost the only place where I could indulge myself without damage to something or somebody was down by the mill pond. Underneath the large rock that jutted out by the water gate I had collected a great store of round, flat stones. Here, in a calm day, I would go and 'skip' the stones, and watch them leap, leap, leap, leap, leap, leap, leap, until they gently dipped beneath the water.

When I was eight or nine years old my propensity was newly excited in an unexpected way. It was not until that time, so far as I can remember, that I heard the story of David and Goliath. Mother read it to me one Sabbath afternoon. Of course the whole story is interesting to any boy, but when mother came to that part where David set aside Saul's armor and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in the shepherd's bag which he had, and went forward to meet the Philistine with his sling in his hand, I was electrified. I listened in a fever of excitement until David slung the stone and smote the giant in the forehead, and he fell upon his face to the earth.

After this there was no peace for me until I had a sling. And when I had got it, there was no peace for any one else. I was firmly resolved to find some Goliath and slay him; or at least to knock over Farmer Hilton's cross old turkey, which attacked me every time I went past. The worst thing I did, however, was to use the wooden signal at Blueberry Crossing for a target. Contrary to my expectation it split into

kindling wood at the first fire, and old Jimmy Riggs, the gate tender, had to put out the danger signal the next time there was a passenger. Much was said to me at that time, forcibly by Jimmy and solemnly by mother, and I laid aside my sling for a season.

But it was not until the summer of my twelfth year that the events occurred which effectually checked my career as an all-round marksman.

One lovely morning in June I was passing along the way that has been called the 'Great Road' ever since the time of Paul Revere's ride. Suddenly I saw a stone of such elegant proportions, and so wonderfully adapted to be thrown straight at a mark that I could not resist it and in a moment it was in my hand.

What possible harm could there be, I reflected in trying to hit the tip of the second telegraph pole on the right side of the road, above the wires? None, so I thought. I took careful aim and cast the stone with all my strength. It struck the top of the pole exactly in the centre, and bounded smartly back over the wall into the field. I stood on one foot and uttered a shrill 'yi-ee' of triumph.

At once there was a commotion on the other side of the wall, and a tall form shot up into the air. It was Teddy Muldoon, who had been tumbled down an embankment by a freight train a few years before, and had been 'quare' ever since. Teddy was hatless, and his thin, red hair floated in the summer breeze. With one hand he grasped his nose, from which trickled a few drops of blood, while a copious stream of genuine Irish issued from his capacious mouth.

With a single bound he cleared the wall, and strode to my side. 'Ye murtherin' pie-rut!' he exclaimed. 'Will ye be after killin' a man just lyin' paceful in a warm corner? Coom along wid me!' he cried, seizing my arm. 'I'll take yez now, wid the blood on my face, to lawyer Hinson, and ye will slape the night on the cold prison floor, aha!'

In vain I hung back, and protested that I did not intend any harm, and that I did not know that Teddy was behind the wall. He dragged me along relentlessly until we came near our house, where mother was standing in the doorway.

'Ah, now,' said Teddy, 'that's betther. Here's the lady will take care of yez.'

By this time he had smeared enough blood over his face to make him a terrible object to look at. He led me to my mother, and lifting his hand to remove his hat, discovered that it was gone. Not in the least embarrassed, he bowed impressively to my mother, and said:

'Misthress Clarrk, it is sorry indade I am to tell this thrue shtory. I was takin' me rest in the corner of the wall, down by the Great Road, whin this bye came ramblin' down, which iverybody knows, Misthress Clarrk, asking your pardon, he cannot kape his fingers from any stone he see. "Ha, ha!" he said, "here is poor Teddy Muldoon, and a good marrk for me!" and wid that he throw a stone as big as me fist, and hit me, Misthress Clarrk, square in the face. Two lang hours I lay there, spacheless and know'n' nothin', and whin I came to meself the air was black wid stones that young scamp was throwin' at me. Misthress Clarrk, I lave him wid you, well knowing that there be many fine willow sprouts by the brook beyant the meadow.'. And Teddy bowed solemnly again and walked away.

Mother knew the unfortunate Teddy well enough not to be frightened at his 'true shtory;' but the dear, patient woman labored with me once more, and I promised, and truly resolved to reform. But sad is the fate of those who trifle with temptation.

A few days later I was walking along the village street, holding in my hand a stone, which I would not have thrown at anything for any consideration. Before me on the little green stood the village church. In the front of it was a stained-glass window, the beauty and pride of the village. In the centre of the window was the figure of a dove. As I drew near the church I began to say to myself: 'If that dove were a real old crow flying through the air, I would take the stone in my fingers, so; and I would brace myself, right foot, so, left foot so; and I would take aim, so; and I would let fly, so!'

I gave a tremendous throw with my right arm, intending to hold on to the stone with my fingers. But I failed to estimate the force of the throw. The stone flew from my fingers. It struck the window. I saw the figure of the dove disappear, I heard the crash of breaking glass, and the sound of the little pieces as they fell tinkling to the floor.

As I stood fixed to the spot, in the very attitude of throwing the stone, the door of the nearest house was opened and Deacon Sterne came out to the road.

'I am a-stonished,' said the deacon, 'that a child of Esther Clark, could do such a wicked act.'

'Oh, Deacon Sterne,' I cried, 'don't tell mother, please don't! I didn't mean to break the window, I—'

'Boy!' said the deacon, with a look of horror, 'don't add the sin of lying to the sin of—of—breakin' the winder! I see you brace yourself, I see you take aim before you throwed the stone. It was done delibrit, if anything ever was.'

I saw that my case was hopeless. The deacon did not attempt to detain me, but he walked away in the direction of my home. I ran away through the fields to a wooded hillside, and lay down by a little brook whose rippling voice I loved. I felt that my life was ruined. I thought that I should stay by the brookside and die there

But when night came my heart cried out for mother, and I went slowly homeward. Mother opened the door for me. I looked in her face, and I saw and realized for the first time how much a loving mother can suffer for a wayward boy. I think my lesson was learned at the moment her lips touched my cheek, but it was just as well that the details were carried out as they had been arranged.

It was estimated that it would cost twenty-five dollars to repair the window, and I was to earn the money myself. I received the announcement, made by Deacon Sterne, in hopeless silence. I should not have been more hopeless if he had told me that I must make the glass and put it in.

But in a few days a door of hope was opened. While waiting for the mail in the post-office, I saw this little notice posted up:—

'WANTED—Boys to pick strawberries at Nelson's Farm, in the North-west District.'

I took advantage of this at once, and, to my delight, I earned over twelve dollars before the strawberries were gone. But, Oh, how my back ached every night.

After this the money came more slowly—a bit here and a bit there. I worked a few days for Mr. Loring, in his grocery store, and he gave me two dollars and so many chocolate creams that I did not want any more for two days.

The huckleberries brought me a few dollars more, and one Thursday afternoon in September, I went homeward with the happy consciousness that the money which I had earned that day would complete the twenty-five dollars.

As I turned the corner I met Wes Landon.

'Goin, Walt?' he cried.

'Where?' said I.

'Hoosic tunnel 'scursion, course. Dincher know it?'

'No,' said I. 'When is it?'

'Sat'day,' said Wes. 'Come on; your mother'll let you go with us. My father's going.'

'Well,' I said 'I'll see. Perhaps I'll go.' And I went along, earnestly debating the question in my mind, for I was passionately fond of riding in the cars, and, indeed, of anything that had to do with the railway. Could I go? Would it be right for me to take two dollars for the ticket and wait until I earned it again and so delay my payment to Deacon Sterne?

I was so absorbed in thought that I did not notice that any one was approaching until the deep voice of Deacon Sterne startled me as he said:

'I have just come from your home, Walter, where I went a-purpose to see you. I would inquire whether or no you air prepared to pay the full sum required for breakin' that winder?'

'Yes, sir,' I faltered. 'With what I earned to-day I think I have it all.'

'I am very glad to hear it,' said the deacon. 'Ahem! To-morrow evenin' is the annual meetin' of the society, when I must render my accounts. Ef you will come to my house to-morrow afternoon with the money I will give you a receipt in full.'

It was with a heavy heart that I started for Deacon Sterne's on Friday afternoon, being very careful not to come in contact with Wes Landon. It was very still in the large old kitchen where the deacon sat alone, and the ticking of the tall clock seemed like a solemn wraning.

'Here is the money, sir,' I said, and turned to go out at once.

'Sit down, lad,' said the deacon; 'I will give you your receipt as soon as I strike the balance here.'

The deacon put his pen in his mouth, twisting his lips round it in a peculiar manner that I might have thought funny at another time. He rattled some papers, knotted his brow, made a few marks with his pen, and at length said:—

'I find on looking over the bills that the total amount of expense that it cost the society to repair the winder was twenty-two dollars and eighty-nine cents, leaving two dollars and eleven cents your due. And the deacon slowly counted out the money upon the table.

How the appearance of the world was changed to me! I gathered up the money and started for the door again.

'Er—,Walter!' said the deacon.

'Yes, sir,' said I.

'I hope you have given up the habit of throwing stones,' said he.

'Yes, sir,' said I. 'I know there was a broad smile on my face, but I could not help it.

'You don't hardly have the appearance of bein' in the proper frame of mind about it,' said the deacon.

'It isn't that, sir, it is something else that I am thinking about.'

'Ah,' said the deacon, in some bewilderment, as he let me go, at last.

Then how my bare feet flew along the dusty road. I rushed breathless into the

little station, and called to the stationmaster: 'Mr. Smith, have you got any of those' scursion tickets left? I want one, please.'

Mr. Smith smiled as he gave me the ticket, and said: 'You needn't be in such a huryr, the train doesn't go till to-morrow.'

The Northfield Schools.

(New York 'Observer.')

No one comes to a Northfield convention without becoming deeply interested in the work which Mr. Moody has developed here in the interest of Christian education. I use the word Christian advisedly, for Bible study has the foremost place in the Northfield educational scheme. I was talking with a student here, about his progress in Latin, and he said: 'I failed in Latin last session, but it was because I could not keep it up without slighting my Bible study, and that can't be done here.' It is seventeen years since East Hall was opened by Mr. Moody, to accommodate the girls who had responded to his invitation to come and obtain training in the Bible and the ordinary English branches at a moderate cost. Mary Lyon's idea, embodied in Holyoke Seminary, was Moody's first plan. It has grown with the years, and he has advanced as God has led him to wider endeavors. The sixteen acres with which he began have increased to two hundred and seventy, halls and dormitories have been added, each one nobler and more beautiful than the last, till now there are on the seminary grounds seven dormitories, a library, recitation hall, gymnasium, and the Auditorium which can be crowded to hold audiences of three thousand people. The rude farms on which stood old barns and fences have given place to cultivated lawns planted with valuable trees, and traversed by fine roads; while parts of the property are carefully worked to supply the demands of the school for food. In order to give education at a low price to poor girls, the price of a year's board and tuition was fixed at $100. The students were also to do all the housework. There are now from three to four hundred pupils; and Bible study, domestic work, and what is called household science, fill the time. The course may be continued four, five or six years, and graduates are qualified to enter any woman's college in the country, to preside with intelligence and dignity over a public or private institution, or to adorn with Christian virtues the sphere of home.

Mount Hermon aims to do for boys a similar work. It is situated across the Connecticut river, about four miles from Northfield, in the town of Gill, and comprises seven hundred and fifty acres of fine farming land on a magnificent hillside. It has farmhouses and barns, half a dozen brick cottages, Crossley Hall which will lodge two hundred students, Silliman Science Hall, and several other large buildings. There are a fine chapel, a library of five thousand books, incipient collections of minerals, birds and animals, a good laboratory, and a music room, where all must learn to read music whether they can sing or not. In one of those rooms the volunteer student movement had its birth, and an average of three hundred young men are here preparing to become intelligent and useful men. The school is industrial as well as educational. The boys work on the farm and take care of the house; they also earn money by overwork on the farm, in the laundry and in following such branches of trade as they may have practised before coming to the school. Some sixty boys are at Mount Hermon through the summer, and pay their board by their work in the buildings and on the farm. None but young men with good health, and good habits, and a real desire for education, are encouraged to enter Mount Hermon; and those who intend to devote themselves to evanglistic or missionary work, are, other things being egual, preferred in their admission. The charge for board and tuition is the same as in the girls' seminary, but the minimum age of admission is sixteen years. The combination of Mr. Moody's faith and business tact have been often illustrated during the building of Mount Hermon. At the outset, he showed his breadth of view and wisdom in the location of the buildings upon two parallel ridges, the higher one being occupied by the dormitories. He would not consent, as a trustee—for this school is a corporate institution—to begin to build, until a certain amount of money was in hand; and when the work was begun he allowed nothing to stand in its way. On one occasion the trustees had come to the end of their resources, and five thousand dollars was needed for the completion of a part of the work. A gentleman in the board of trustees suggested the name of a possible giver, and urged that Mr. Moody go and lay the case before him. Many duties were pressing upon Mr. Moody, and he felt that he could not spare time from them to solicit money. 'Brethren,' said he. 'I don't think we have tried prayer, enough. I will write and spread the case before Mr. ——, and we will all lay it before the Lord.' Mr. Moody wrote a letter in which he put the claims of this school for the Christian education of young men with all the wisdom, force and earnestness of which he was capable. Then he spread the sheet before him, and kneeling down, besought God's blessing upon the appeal, and sent it upon its errand. The letter was brought in with others to the breakfast table of the Christian man to whom it was addressed. He read one page carefully and laid it down, continuing his meal. Then he took it up again, and after reading further, resumed his breakfast. The third time he took up the letter. He began at the beginning, and after reading it through to the end, rose, walked into his library, and drew a cheque of five thousand dollars to Mr. Moody's order, inclosed it with a note, and sent it to the post. 'I did this before I went downtown, so that nothing should prevent me,' he said afterwards. When Mr. Moody opened his mail the next day, he found the answer to his prayer.

At another crisis, it was proposed to ask a wealthy friend for ten thousand dollars which was needed. One of the trustees said that the man had changed his methods of benevolence, and gave now only in sums amounting to three hundred dollars a day and to a variety of objects. Mr. Moody said, 'I will go and see him.' The man's hour for Christian giving found Mr. Moody in line with a number of others waiting his turn. When it came, and his name was announced, his friend said, 'Why, Mr. Moody, didn't you send your name right in; I am very glad to see you.' 'Then,' said Mr. Moody, 'I have come at the right time. I want ten thousand dollars for Mount Hermon;' and he proceeded to spread the case before him. In reply, Mr. —— said that he had changed his method of giving, and gave no more large sums, but only a certain amount daily. 'But,' said Mr. Moody, 'you believe in the work?' 'Yes.' 'And you are willing to help it forward?' 'Certainly.' 'Then, why not give the money now, three hundred dollars will not do any good.' After a little thought, he said, 'Mr. Moody, I will give you five thousand dollars.' 'But that is only half enough. Don't you see that I need the ten thousand dollars now. I can't spare the time to come every morning for two or three weeks to get the rest.' Mr. Moody's importunity and ready wit prevailed. His friend burst out laughing at the idea of Mr. Moody's coming every morning till he got the sum he needed, and he sent him home with the ten thousand dollars. Thus has Mount Hermon been reared by prayer and faith and Christian benevolence. It is by no means complete, but it offers an excellent preparatory course of education to young men of good principles and habits in connection with Bible study and Christian influences, for very little money. Its students find easy admission into colleges to which they can afford to go, and need not fear to apply for examination at our best institutions. The high moral tone and thorough discipline of Mount Hermon are valuable recommendations for any student.

It remains for me to speak of one more institution of recent organization—the Northfield Training School—which was commenced in 1890. A large hotel had been built for the accommodation of visitors to summer conventions, but during the winter it was unoccupied. It is a fine building, admirably situated and well kept, and during the summer months is full of guests of the choicest kind. When the season is over, the Northfield Training School for women begins in the same building, and some of the girls who have been busy in the chambers and dining rooms of the hotel, take up their courses of study for the winter months. The object of the school is to train Christian women to become skilful and effective workers in all forms of Christian service from the simplest in the family and the church to the most varied demands of mission work in the home or foreign field. Bible study lies at the foundation of the system, upon the principle that a thorough and ready knowledge of the word of God and its practical use will best prepare women for benevolence and Christian work. Instruction is also given in sewing, dressmaking, cooking, nursing and housekeeping. The school has thus far been self-supporting, although only $100 is charged for the two terms of six months. Miss Alice E. Bird, of Wellesley College, is the principal and is assisted by able instructors, and occasional lectures are given by Mr. Moody and others who have had successful experience in Christian work. These institutions, in order to be permanently useful need larger endownments. They are conducted thriftily and economically. A fund from the sale of gospel hymns has furnished a portion of the needed income, gifts and donations have been freely added, but in order that these great educational advantages should not be diminished, nor be made more costly, large endowments are needed. The work commends itself, and no one can visit the place, and learn its history and understand the working of the different schools, without being convinced of its great utility and value. It is one of those investments which will produce, like the good seed sown on good ground, an hundredfold.

AUGUSTUS.

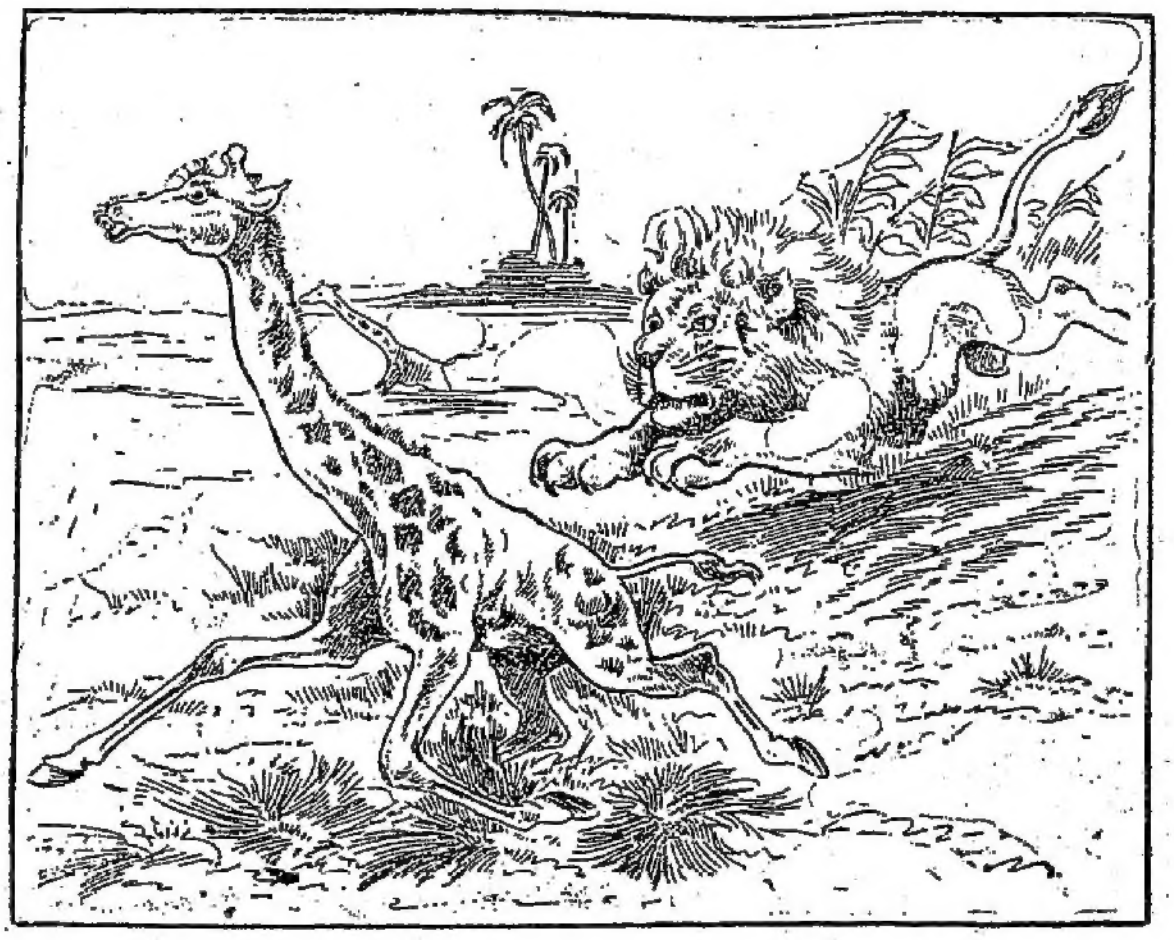
All Muscle.

The elephant has more muscles in his trunk than any other creature possesses in its whole body, the number being, according to Cuvier, not fewer than 40,000; while in the whole of his body man can only boast of 527. This is why the elephant's trunk is so exceedingly strong, and at the same time so exceedingly delicate in its movements.—'Children's Friend.'

Lion and Giraffe.

When two giraffes fight between themselves, they stand side by side and strike violent blows with their horns, which can tear off the skin when used vigorously; but when the lion comes to attack the giraffe, it is too wise to place its head within the reach of the lion, who with a single blow would lay the animal senseless.

When the giraffe finds itself opposed to such a foe as the lion, its defence consists in rapid kicks given with great precision and with such rapidity that the eye can scarcely follow them. A blow



from limbs which can carry such an enormous weight over rocky passes would be likely to demolish the lion if it took full effect.

The lion, according to the account of the natives, is not always to be driven off by its formidable kicks, but watches his opportunity to spring on the back of the giraffe, and never relaxes his hold until his prey sinks to the earth from exhaustion.

The name giraffe is a corruption of the Arabic Zaraffa (or Seraph), a word which literally signifies graceful. Its enormously long neck enables it to browse on the leaves of trees, especially the acacia. For this purpose, its tongue is exceedingly long, slender and flexible, so that the animal can twist it round the leaves, and thus draw them into its mouth.

This structure of the tongue can be seen to advantage by placing a lump of sugar on the ground before a giraffe. The creature cannot bend its neck, but can only stoop it from the shoulders in a straight line. By dint of much straddling with the legs it gets its nose near the ground, and then, by protruding the tongue and coiling its tip round the sugar, it succeeds in gaining the coveted dainty.

The most remarkable structure in the giraffe is to be found in the so-called horns, which are unlike the horns of any known animal. They are three in number, and are bony projections from the skull, one on each side, and the third in the middle. Neither velvet nor hollow horns appear upon them but a tuft of black hair adorns their tips.—'Child's Companion.'

The Poisonous Cup.

A TRUE STORY OF EASTERN LANDS IN ANCIENT TIMES.

(By Ietta S. Wolff, in 'Light in the Home.')

There was a great feast in the palace of the king. Attired in richly-embroidered, gaily-colored garments, the guests circulated through the splendidly-adorned chambers or reclined on the luxurious couches that surrounded the long dining-tables. A sumptuous repast had been prepared. Heavy perfumes filled the air; gold and silver plate glittered on the well-spread board; slaves carried jewelled bowls full of scented water to wash the feet of the assembled people.

Among the guests, but holding himself a little apart, stood a young lad about twelve years of age. He was dressed differently from the rest of the company: a simple tunic without a thread of embroidery; an unadorned turban and plain wooden sandals completed his outfit, and, unlike the men who surrounded him, his hair was devoid of oil or unguent; his fair skin was unpainted, and no single jewel decked his person. The young lad came evidently from some distant country, from a land where the manners and customs were simpler than at this luxurious court of Media.

Soon was heard the shout of heralds, and the king with his attendants entered the dining chamber. Of all the fine folks there he was the finest. Something like a look of scorn showed for an instant on the face of the young lad as he looked upon the ridiculously-bedizened old monarch, but he seemed at once to check the thoughts that occasioned it, for the King of Media was his own grandfather. Approaching the royal presence, the boy saluted with a low, respectful bow, and then took his stand at a little distance from the monarch's coach.

'Ha! young Prince of Persia,' said the king. 'It is thou who art to-day to serve us at table—eh?'

'At your service, O my grandfather,' was the lad's reply.

'Come, then, young Cyrus, hand round the viands! Let us see how in thy country thou hast learned to acquit thee of so honorable an office.'

The lad instantly set himself to the appointed task. With ready tact he passed from guest to guest the rich and savory meats. He observed the strictest etiquette, the most admirable deference of manner. Every one was promptly attended to, and none could fail to remark how apt and serviceable the boy showed himself, and how he never seemed to think of sharing in the feast, but only of serving others. The king marvelled.

'In truth, I had imagined that

these savory dishes would make the lad's mouth water. He might well find an opportunity of partaking himself of these good things. But no; the young Persian seems indifferent to the delicacies he serves.'

'Well done—well done, my son!' he said aloud. 'Thou art a famous attendant. Yet I remark one omission on thy part. My cup-bearer, the good Sacas, is still portionless. Perfectly hast thou attended to the wants of all the rest of my honored company; him alone hast thou forgotten.'

Cyrus did not reply, but he cast a look of involuntary distrust and scorn in the direction of the cup-bearer, him whose special duty it was to serve the king and his guests with the rich red wine of Media.

'Nay, my son!' exclaimed the king in surprise. 'What hast thou against the noble Sacas? Know that he is a particular favorite of mine. None can choose the wine or so well fill my cup as he.'

'Oh, if that be all, most noble grandfather,' returned the boy—'if that be all, methinks I could satisfy your majesty as well as he.'

'Dost thou indeed! Thou art not without ambition, my young Persian. But 'tis well. If in thy country thou hast not learned to love good meats, at least thou hast been taught to show a prompt and willing spirit, and art ready to make thyself of service. Let us see then.' And bidding Sacas give the flagon into his grandson's hands, he told the boy to take the wine and serve it round.

Deftly filling first the golden bowl of the king, Cyrus then went on from guest to guest, and continued for some time to keep every cup replenished. The old monarch meanwhile watched him narrowly.

''Tis well,' he said at last; 'thou art apt and ready. Thou servest with skill, and lettest no one lack. But one thing thou hast forgotten—to tast the wine before handing it.'

'No, sire, I have not forgotten,' was the quick reply.

'Not forgotten! Wherefore then dost thou omit a duty of which thou are so well aware?'

'Noble grandfather, if I have not tasted your wine, it is because I greatly fear that it is poisoned.'

'Poisoned!' cried the king, with a start. 'What reason hast thou, lad, for such a supposition?'

'It is but a few days,' replied the boy calmly, 'since thou madest a great feast like that of to-day. I noticed then, O king, that no sooner hadst thou and thy guests drank of the red liquor poured from this man's flagon than the faces of all thy company grew red, their voices loud and strange, and, ere the end of the repast, thou and every one presented seemed so affected by the beverage as to know no longer what you said or did. Some rolled on the ground, others danced and sang like men bereft of reason, and all said strange and horrible things. The wine is poisoned, O my grandfather; be assured of it, and beware! This time it may be strong enough even to deprive thee of thy life, as I remember the other day it certainly took away thy senses.'

The king gazed in unfeigned astonishment at the lad who stood there, with his clear bright eyes fixed earnestly upon him.

'And in thy land, my son, hast thou never seen the like happen? Thy father, when he drinks, does he not also become excited and talk strangely?'

'Never!' exclaimed the lad.

'I marvel how that can be!' returned the king.

'My father,' said the boy, 'drinks not of your red wine; his cup is filled with a pure and simple beverage, with fresh water from the spring. When he has drunk, he has no longer thirst, and that is all that happens to him.'

History does not tell us that King Astyages of Media gained any profit from the involuntary lessons of his grandson. But it fails not to show us how the young Cyrus grew up to be one of the greatest and most famous monarchs of ancient times. The simple, manly training, and habits of self-restraint and frugality which he had received from his parents bore rich fruit. By-and-by he became king over the dominions of his grandfather as well as over his own land of Persia. He founded an empire which continued to exist and flourish through many succeeding years, while under his title of Cyrus the Great his name will be remembered and honored as long as history is read and written.

Answer a Fool According to His Folly.

'Why do larks sing up in the sky?' said a magpie to a rook who was busy building his nest.

'Can't say, I'm sure,' said the rook, who was all behind with his work, and wanted badly to go on with it.

'Why do cuckoos lay eggs in other folks' nests?' said the magpie again.

'Don't know,' said the rook.

'Why do the nightingales fly away in autumn and come back in spring?' asked the pertinacious magpie.

'I've never heard,' said the rook.

'Why have the swallows forked tails?' asked the magpie.

The rook couldn't answer without dropping the stick in his beak, and, seeing he should never get on while he was so interrupted, turned round and cried,

'I'll answer your question when you tell me why magpies chatter!' —From Mrs. Prosser's, 'Original Fables.'

Pudding or Pie.

'Oh! what is mother making, there?
'Tis something good, no doubt;
I fancy, little sister May,
She's rolling pastry out!'
'I think it's apple-pudding, dear;
She's got a basin there,
And apples in that yellow pan
That's standing on the chair.'

Then little Rosie quickly goes
By mother's side to stand,
And mother on her shoulder feels
A little coaxing hand.
'Please give me just a tiny piece
Of dough, and let us try
If baby May and I can make
A little dollies' pie?'

Next moment four small, chubby hands
Were busy as could be,
And little May put dolly down
Where she could watch and see
The way that lovely pie was made,
The way they rolled the dough;
And really dolly sat amazed—
As well she might, you know!

That dollies' pie, when it was done,
Was nearer black than white,
And didn't look as though it were
So very crisp and light!
Poor dolly had to eat it all,
I really am afraid,
For May and Rosie both preferred
The pudding mother made!
—'Our Little Dots.'

LESSON IV.—JAN. 28.

The Baptism and Temptation of Jesus.

Matt. iii., 13, to iv., 11. Memory verses, iii.;, 16, 17. Compare Luke iii., 21, 22, and iv., 1-13.

Daily Readings.

M. A Greater—Matt. xi., 11-19.
T. His Sons—Exod. xxix.;, 1-9.
W. The Honor—Heb. v., 1-10.
T. Heir of All—Heb. i., 1-14.
F. Temptation—Jas. i., 1-81.
S. Triumph—I. Cor. x.;, 1-31.

Golden Text.

'This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.—Matt. iii., 17.

Lesson Text.

Then came Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him. (14) But John forbade him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me? (15) And Jesus answering, said unto him, suffer it to be so now; for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. Then he suffered him. (16) And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water; and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove and lighting upon him: (17) And lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. (1) Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. (2) And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he was afterward an hungered. (3) And when the tempter came to him, he said, If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread. (4) But he answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. (5) Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city, and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple, (6) And saith unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee; and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone. (7) Jesus said unto him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God. (8) Again the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; (9) And saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.; (10) Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan; for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve. (11) Then the devil leaveth him; and, behold, angels came and ministered unto him.

Suggestions.

As John the Baptist was preaching in the sparsely inhabited region near the river Jordan, crowds flocked to hear him and to receive baptism at his hands. But one day there came a Man before whom John bowed in humility, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me? But the Son of Man had come to fulfil all righteousness and by the act of being baptized put himself publicly on the side of righteousness. After the baptism, as they came up out of the water, the heavens suddenly opened and the Spirit of God descended in the form of a dove, while God spoke from heaven, testifying that Jesus was his own well-beloved Son. The Father was pleased by the obedience of Christ.

Jesus received the Holy Spirit. He had to be endued with power from on high before he could begin his public ministry. He had to be filled with the Spirit to be able to resist temptation and to live a life pleasing to God. No one can live a strong, pure life in his own strength. Only the indwelling Spirit of God can drive out the ingrained selfishness of the human heart.

After his baptism and reception of the Holy Spirit, Jesus went up into the wilderness, and was there forty days without human companionship, without food, without temporal comforts of any kind, and besieged by temptations. He was tempted in every point just as we are. (Heb. iv., 15.) The temptation was not easier to bear than ours are; it was much harder, for the fiercest struggle always comes at the last. The devil tried his utmost by seductive flattery, by trying to instil doubts, by promising outward power, by striving in every way to make evil appear right. Yet through the severest strain the Son of Man held true and in the power of the Spirit rebuked the tempter. (I. Cor. x., 13.)

Many old pictures of the life of our Lord represent the tempter to some horrible form of darkness easily recognizable as the devil. But that is not the way that temptations come to us, and we may be sure that temptation in such a form would not have tempted our Lord. It was apparently after the third great attack that the Son of Man recognized that this was the work of the devil, not just the workings of his own mind. When he had fasted forty days, what more natural than for the thought to occur to him that he might use the new supernatural power with which he was endowed, for his own human satisfaction? And it takes a good deal of close thinking to see just where the sin would lie. But such use of power would have put an insurmountable barrier between him and the men whom he came to save. If he used divine power to overcome the natural difficulties of life, he would be only God, and not man. He could only be perfect in humanity by conforming perfectly to the conditions of human nature. (Heb. ii., 16-18.)

If the Son of God were to suddenly appear among the people surrounded by a company of angels, as though he had just dropped from the sky, he would certainly be received with great enthusiasm, and people would flock to hail him as the Messiah, his work would be easily accomplished, so reasoned the tempter as he presented the second temptation. But Jesus saw that the way of ease was not the way to the fulfilment of his mission; he knew that he had come to earth not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and finally to give his very life for the salvation of those who would believe on him.

Neither would he take the world by storm and set up his kingdom by force as the third temptation seems to suggest. It would be easy enough to come as a mighty conqueror and compel men's outward allegiance but their hearts would never be gained in that way, and the purpose of his coming would be utterly defeated.

The word of God was the sword with which our Lord put the enemy to flight. Each attack is answered with a quotation from Deuteronomy, the book of the Law. This shows how our Lord had filled his heart and mind with the words of his Father. So we should fill our minds with the blessed Scriptures, that we may have ready weapons to repel and defeat the tempter.

C. E. Topic.

(Quarterly Missionary Meeting.)

28. Lessons for Simon and us. Luke vii., 36-50.

Junior C. E Topic.

DAILY READINGS.

Mon., Jan. 22—When we repent. Isa. lv., 7.

Tues., Jan. 23—When we believe in Jesus. Acts xvi., 31.

Wed., Jan. 24—When we try to obey Him. Acts v., 29.

Thu., Jan. 25—When we have faith. Matt. ix., 6.

Fri., Jan. 26—When we are careful of speech. I. Tim. iv., 12.

Sat., Jan. 27—When we forgive others Matt. vi., 15.

Sun., Jan. 28—Topic—When will God forgive our sins? Luke vii., 36-50.

Sunday-School Work in India

I give out a hymn each Sunday, to be learnt in both schools, one verse a day, during the week, The result is that the children already know quite a number of hymns by heart, and we sing these over on Sundays immediately after the opening prayer. Following an old Rathgar practice, the children are learning to sing in alternate verses, boys and girls, or some verses softly and the chorus loudly, and so on with variations, which keep up their attention. Then, when they are tired of singing, which they seem to enjoy, Rambhai tells them the Bible story for the day, and shows them the Bible picture to illustrate it, and then I ask them a few questions on what they have heard, and teach them a golden text, and usually finish with part of the Catechism, the Ten Commandments, another hymn or two, and the Lord's Prayer, after which the roll is called, and each child gets one of the picture leaflets of the 'Children's Special Service Mission at the door going out. If they keep these carefully ten leaflets win a prize of a small tract, and four such tracts a book, and this encourages the attendance, which now keeps up to between forty and fifty. Sunday-school takes place after church, and when all is over it seems like a pretty long morning's work. We have lately started an afternoon Sunday-school, something like Miss Stavely's Surat plan, in a village on the borders of the camp. I wanted to see how far the two boys, Vishvas and Henry, would be willing to help, so I suggested to them that it should be their affair, They responded most willingly, and seemed quite delighted about it. The idea arose chiefly through our having gone to their village on several mornings to preach and found the audience almost entirely composed of children, who in only one or two cases attended either our day or Sunday-schools. We started two or three Sundays ago. Rambhai, of course, offered to come; but he has a hard enough Sunday as it is, and I told him if he came the boys would not open their mouths. The evening, however, turned out very doubtful, and I said to the boys that it would be sure to rain and we had better not go, (I wanted to give them a chance of backing out if they weren't really keen, for you never can tell how far they agree to a thing merely to please the saheb). But they insisted that we must go; the rain was sure to keep off; everything would be all right, and we could take umbrellas—which we fortunately did, for long before we got to the village the rain had come on. In spite of the wet, however, we were able to gather quite a number of children under the shelter of a large tree in the village street, and behind the children stood a good sprinkling of grown-ups. Vishvas explained the pictures, Henry taught the hymns and Catechism, and I had only to put in a word here and there. It was delightful, and not only the children, but their parents, too, seemed quite pleased, and thanked us for coming. The next Sunday it really was too wet, but last Sunday we went again, and had a far larger Sunday-school than our proper one in the church—about fifty-five children and twenty-five grown-ups—and they learnt their verse well, and began also to pick up the tune, too, and listened wonderfully quietly considering the circumstances and the babies in arms! Our morning Sunday-school is hardly ripe yet for teachers and classes, and this little effort supplies a place for voluntary workers, whom one wants to keep always employed. If those Waghris or others would only come out, and we had the workers, I believe we could start an equally successful children's open-air in a large village just the other side of the camp. What pleased me most, however, was the exceeding willingness of the boys to help, though they, too, have little enough time to themselves on Sundays.—'Irish Missionary Herald.'

Hymn.

God bless our native land!
May Heaven's protecting hand
Still guard her shore;
May peace her sway extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's power depend
On war no more.
And not our land alone,
But be Thy mercies known
From shore to shore.
Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family,
The wide world o'er.

—W. E. Hickson.

Alcohol Catechism.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

1. Q.—What is a temperance catechism?

A.—A catechism that teaches us why it is our duty so long as we live to wholly abstain from intoxicating drinks, tobacco and opium, and do all we can to prevent their use.

2. Q.—Define intoxicating drinks.

A.—Drinks that contain alcohol and make those who use them drunk.

3. Q.—How can children prevent the use of intoxicating drinks, tobacco and opium?

A.—They can set a good example by wholly abstaining themselves from intoxicating drinks, tobacco and opium.

4. Q.—Can they do anything else?

A.—Yes, they can try to persuade their parents, brothers, sisters and playmates to abstain from the use of these poisons.

5. Q.—Can they do the same after they are grown up?

A.—Yes, they can do the same and a great deal more.

6. Q.—What can they do?

A.—Those who can vote can vote and work for prohibiton, and against the use of intoxicating drinks, tobacco and opium in all their forms.

7. Q.—What is prohibition?

A.—Prohibition, when applied to temperance, means the stopping of the sale and manufacture of intoxicating drinks, and the shutting up of all saloons and grog shops. Read Psalm, xxxiv., 14.

Prohibition Points.

(From the address of the late Dr. F. R. Lees, at the great Prohibition Convention in London.)

Thought and action are not welded together like metals under equal temperatures. Action follows thought, and only so far as thoughts are like, will the lives and work agree. One man's thought stops at F, another at Z. but there is no necessary disunion; so far as action is concerned, they can walk together. A goes for Sunday closing with X, who goes for prohibition, but both are united in voice and vote on the general question; while X goes on teaching the application of the truth to all time and place, as the only adequate and complete cure of the afflicted people. The thing to be very carefully avoided, as I judge, is compromise of principle. Truth and justice can not be halved or quartered—they are absolute relations; and hence the attempt always ends in failure, often in increased disaster.

In the matter of infection and disease society is wiser. You don't tamper with disease as with drink. You are wiser for your cattle than for your kind. You at least endeavor to stamp out the causes of rabies, anthrax and cholera. Here selfishness works for truth. The notorious compromise on slavery in the United States led to the punishment of a civil war, the loss of a million lives, and to the maiming of hundreds of thousands of soldier citizens. I happened to be in the United States when he signs of the coming conflict first appeared, and was hooted in a vast meeting for warning the people of the danger, and pleading for the oppressed. That very year the United Kingdom Alliance was founded in Manchester. Some think that this led to premature political agitation and so to diversion from what is called suasion or per-suasion. I do not think so; and at any rate it was an inevitable development. In reality, we had reached the available conscience of the community, and pessimism was developing. It became necessary to teach why we failed to get further. It was because the factors of causation were double; namely, ignorance and appetite on one side, and temptation and interest on the other.

Doubtless advances have been made in our agitation, vast improvements in our methods, our organizations, and our advocacy in general. Nevertheless, the time has come for enlarging our programme. The campaign needs to be carried on in a new direction. We are strong now. We must cease to be apologists and become protagonists. We must summon society itself to appear in the high courts of the world's justice. It says, 'We believe in drink.' Well, but we demand the grounds of a belief that fills our homes with misery and our cities with foulness, disease and death. The only justification of government is that it protects man in the development of his mental and material faculties; but centuries of experience have demonstrated that the drink traffic creates most of the crime and gives less protection. Our opponents now use not only sophistry and evasion, but invective and misrepresentation in answer to our protests and appeals, and never honestly, fairly or fully meet our impeachment of custom and the traffic. It is time that all this terminated, that evasions and hypocrisies and one-sided controversy ceased, and that our advocates rose to the greatness of the crisis and the occasion. We demand justice, the greatest of all social conditions. There is treason in the city—in parliament and in press—and the gates of the Delhi of Drink are closed. Let us advance and storm them; clear out the traitors and establish justice for generations, as a memorial of our piety, our patriotism and our courage. 'O, that the people would consider,' is the language of the ancient prophet, speaking for God, and it is forever true, for thought is justice.

Legal Suasion.

In answer to a recent writer, who contended that the golden age of temperance reform was in the old Washingtonian days. 'The Voice' takes occasion to summarize the result of 'legal suasion,' as follows: 'Rip Van Winkle slumbered for twenty years, but you have slept longer than that. While you have been snoring, prohibition has practically wiped the saloon from Maine, Kansas and Vermont; it has driven it from all but a dozen counties in Mississippi; it has driven it from all but a few counties in Iowa, New Hampshire, North and South Dakota. It has made it an outlaw in Alaska and the Territories; it has driven it from one-third of the territory of Texas and Kentucky. Prohibition has driven the saloon from two hundred townships in New York; from a large part of Massachusetts; from twenty-two counties in Georgia; from forty-four out of the seventy-five counties in Arkansas; it has driven the saloon from whole counties in California, Connecticut, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, New Jersey, New Mexico, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, Rhode Island, Virginia and Wisconsin. It has closed nearly every saloon in South Carolina. It has banished the saloon from nearly the whole of Norway and Sweden. It has chased the saloon from two thousand parcels of land in the United Kingdom. Prohibition has closed the saloon in large districts of Australia, New Zealand and South Africa and Canada. Prohibition has closed on Sunday most of the saloons of Ireland, Scotland and Wales. It has closed on that day most of the saloons in this land of ours. The old Washingtonian movement spent its force because people could not be made to believe it wrong to drink when preachers voted that the sale of the stuff continue, and while good folks wrote articles for religious newspapers, snarling at 'fanatics' who demanded that the business be stopped. Wake up, Mr. Fox! Read the history of the last forty years, and get aboard the Prohibition band waggon, where you belong.'—'Christian Work.'

Correspondence

Sand Hill.

Dear Editor, — My papa is a school teacher. He has taught thirteen years, and is teaching still in the same school. We walk to Sunday-school in the summer, but drive in the winter. We had an entertainment last Christmas, and I sang a piece at it. All the children of the Sunday-school got prizes. I got a book, the title of which is, 'As in a Mirror,'

ELSIE, aged 10.

Papineauville.

Dear Editor,—I have three sisters and a dear little brother, nine months old; he came to us on the Queen's Birthday. We get the 'Messenger' every week at Sunday-school, and I like the Correspondence best; Mamma used to get the 'Messenger' when she was a little girl. We have a sugar-bush, and I will be glad when the maples begin to run, it is such fun to make taffy.

MAGGIE, aged 7.

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—My oldest sister attends the Toronto Bible Training School day class, She will graduate this spring. I have also another sister attending the evening classes. Bruce is a large St. Bernard dog, I was trying to teach him tricks one day, when he bit me on the hand. It soon healed up though.

MABEL.

Walkerton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Last fall papa and Jean, my little sister, went out to the woods to gather butter-nuts. They noticed a black squirrel up a tree, and papa thought it would please Jean to get it for her. He climbed the tree, and told Jean to watch and frighten it up if it tried to run down. He soon caught it and brought it home and made a cage for it. It was half-grown then. We fed it well, and now it is a fine, fat, full-grown black squirrel. It is a very tricky little animal. We let him out of his cage at meal times. If he is hungry he will run up on papa's knee and beg for food.

He is very fond of sweet things, so papa gives him a piece of cake or bread with fruit on it. As soon as he gets it he jumps down and runs away to some high perch to eat it. The window-sill, the back of a chair and the clothes-hooks on the wall are some of his favorite perches while eating We call him Blackie. When any of our neighbors' children come in we let him out, and I hope if any little boys who read this see our black squirrel, they will never throw a stone at one.

MARION H., aged 9.

Livingstone Creek.

Dear Editor,—Papa took the 'Messenger' twenty years ago, and we get it now at Sunday-school, and think it is the best paper printed. My eldest brother is working in the camp, and my eldest sister is working in the town eight miles from home. Grandma lived with us; but she died in February, It is very lonesome without her.

BEATRICE MAY, aged 11.

Bottineau, N.D.

Dear Editor,—I have no mother. She died over two years ago. I once had a big brother, but he died three years ago. My father took consumption about three years ago. So I am a poor girl, with only a few friends.

MARGARET, aged 13.

Chatham, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Chatham is a city of 10,000 inhabitants. It is a common thing to go to Detroit in the summer time. It is a very pleasant trip; you pass the plains on the north side of the Thames River, where you could see large droves of cattle, with as many as five hundred in a drove. You pass the lighthouse at the mouth of the river The mouth of the river is very marshy. I enjoy reading the 'Messenger' very much. The temperance part I enjoy especially. My mother has read the 'Witness' for twenty years. She had it sent her when she lived in Glasgow. I was much interested in the Spanish-American war and the Anglo-Egyptian war.

ERNEST C., aged 12.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

The Planter's Dependence on Good Seed—Without good, fresh, fertile seeds, good crops are impossible. There are no better known seedsmen anywhere, and none who have a better reputation for integrity, than D. M. Ferry & Co., of Windsor, Ont. Ferry's Seeds have been a synonym for good seeds for many years. Thousands of gardeners who continue to plant them season after season, do so with the full confidence that they will uniformly be found to be of high vitality, and, most important of all, true to name. Ferry's Seed Annual for 1900 is fully up to the standard of former years and will be welcomed by all who have learned to regard it as a thoroughly reliable and practical guide to planting. A copy may be obtained free by addressing the firm as above.

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Naturally, the boy who was punished protested against what he considered the unfairness of his treatment as compared with that of his partner in the game, and his mother found it necessary to emphasize strongly that his punishment was not for the result, but for the act of disobedience. Had the other mother viewed the matter similarly the lesson could have been more easily enforced. But she belonged to a great company of parents and teachers who encourage successful wrong-doing by laying emphasis, not on the real evil—a disobedient spirit—but on the results of a wrong act or the 'sin of being found out.' Such lack of moral discernment is, I believe, the secret of many of the apparently sudden lapses into crime on the part of trusted men.—'Congregationalist.'

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